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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1805.

ESSAYS.

ON DUELING.

AMONG the many vices which degrade our country, none is more repugnant to all law, human and divine, none more atrocious in itself, none more fatal in its consequences, than that of duels. On this subject it is my earnest wish to gain attention. Was it in my power, I would raise a warning voice that should echo through the habitable globe, and call on all the abettors of this murderous practice to awake from that phrenzy, into which pride, revenge, and false notions of honor have plunged them, and cease to imbrue their hands in each others blood.

That it is a crime forbidden by our laws —that God has prohibited it on awful penalties—that it is murder of the most deliberate kind, are truths as evident as the noontide sun. To go about to prove either of these positions, would be to insult the public understanding. No one has the effrontery to deny them. Not one of those who plead for duels, or have been concerned, found their arguments in self-vindication on the idea that they are lawful, in the eye of either God or man. This ground of justification is given up, it is abandoned as absolutely untenable.

Their unlawfulness, their wickedness, stands confessed. And yet, with an infatuation which nothing can account for, but an utter deprivation of moral sentiment, men persist in mutual slaughter. They fly to meet each other in single combats, and thoughtlessly rush into the presence of their final judge. As if it was their fixed purpose to insult the laws and government of their country, and to mock the divine majesty, they have reduced the business to a system —They affect to regulate the whole procedure by established laws; to those laws they yield the most exact obedience, while to the law of God, to the voice of society, to the dictates of reason and conscience, to the tears and entreaties of the nearest relatives they are deaf—they are obstinate.

If the man who risks his whole fortune, all his future prospects from the world, the happiness of his wife and tender offspring, at one desperate game of hazard, acts the part of a mad man, what name, sufficient to express our just abhorrence, shall we give him who risks, not only his life with all his expectations in time, and all that he owes to his family, friends and country, but all his hopes of the favor of God, and a happy eternity, in the inexpressible more mad contest of a duel. The arguments commonly adduced to justify this practice are lighter than a feather. No considerations derived from custom, from the laws of mistaken honor, from reputation, from the supposed influence that duels have to restrain insolence or abuse, nor from any other topic which human ingenuity can invent, will in the smallest degree avail against the express will of heaven, the laws of society, and that sense of right, and horror of shedding human blood, implanted in every breast, not petrified with vice and delusion. When God and man have said, "thou shalt not kill," in vain is every argument to destroy the force of this decree. It stands a permanent stature, like an immoveable rock, which baffles every attempt to remove it. The plain question, and the only one which must decide this point, is this, "are duels lawful?" If not, they can never be justified; and every attempt of this kind is a plea for wickedness as such. Indeed, on this subject there is no room for debate. The point admits of no doubt.—Duels are voluntary agreements to commit murder. He who falls is cooly and deliberately murdered, and the survivor deserves the gallows as truly as the midnight assassin, or the highway robber.

Permit me then to beseech the friends and abettors of duels to attend to this subject with that seriousness and impartiality which it demands from every man. If you cannot justify murder, if you cannot prove that you have a right to take the life of any man, who, in your opinion, may offer you abuse or insult, you never can justify duels. Until you can effect the former, you may as well attempt to prove that virtue is vice, murder to be kindness, theft to be perfect honesty, and lying and falsehood to be truth, as duels to be lawful. Come forth, then, with your strong arguments. Dare, since you are men of *courage*, to take the field of calm and dispassionate argumentation, overset the order of nature, prove that virtue and vice are perfectly ideal, prove that every man's passion or prejudice is to him the only rule of moral conduct, and that men may of right do whatever the are inclined to do; —prove that this world was designed as a theatre, on which men of honor might discharge their pistols by exact rule, and blow out the brains of each other. If you can effect *all this*, you may prove the lawfulness of duels. But remember you have before you more than a Herculean labor. Whenever you shall accomplish it, virtue will be no more, vice will become universally triumphant, and the punishments of all crimes either abolished or rendered ridiculous.

To the Civil Fathers of my country I make my appeal. The cry of blood, unlawfully shed, ascends to heaven against us. To you it belongs to cleanse us from the guilt. Your duty is plain—it is easy. Your final judge will require of you a faithful account of your stewardship. Before that final tribunal no empty pleas will avail. Consider your awful responsibility, and as you hope to escape condemnation yourselves let the murderous duelist know that he cannot—he shall not escape punishment. L.

Messrs. Printers,

AS I have not seen any thing in the public prints respecting the abolition of the Africans, I thought I would extract the following, and add a few remarks, presuming that the information would be highly pleasing to many of those who read your paper. By inserting it you will gratify

A Friend to the Oppressed.

"ON the 31st of May, 1804, Mr. *Wilberforce*, in the British House of Commons, moved for leave to bring in a bill for abolishing the slave trade. He prefaced his motion with a most eloquent and argumentative speech, which seemed to carry conviction to the mind of almost every member of the house, who was not interested in the question. One hundred and twenty-four voted in favor of the measure, and forty-nine against it. The Irish members almost to a man took the part which justice and humanity no less than policy required

them to take. The second reading of the bill took place on the 7th of June, after an animated debate, in the course of which every objection to the principle of the bill was solidly answered. The division of the house was one hundred to forty-two. Another debate took place on the 12th of June, on the motion for going into a committee, when the number in favor of the motion were seventy-nine to twenty. In the committee the time, at which importations into the islands were made to cease, was the first of January, 1805. The report of the committee was received after counsel had been heard against the bill on the 25th of June; and on the 27th it was read a third time, and passed by a majority of sixty-nine to thirty-three."

"The bill was deferred in the House of Lords for three months; but with very flattering expectations that it would pass by a handsome majority." [*Chr. Obs.*

Thus it appears that the truely humane and benevolent exertions of the truely christian and honorable Mr. *Wilberforce* in favor of the long abused Africans are like to triumph. And it must afford real pleasure to all the friends of liberty, humanity, and religion, to find such a number in the British House of Commons disposed to listen to the voice of justice and humanity, and to second the exertions made for the abolition of African slavery.—When shall a *Wilberforce* appear in the Congress of America to plead for the enslaved Negro? Is this the land of liberty, while thousands of our fellow men are held in abject slavery, are driven to their labour by a haughty master, and are impeled to bow to the will of an imperious tyrant! Shall we boast of our liberty, while the slave-ships of the south are employed to bring the wretched African from his native shores to our land, that he may here be galled with fetters, and lashed with the whip; that he may enrich his master, and add to his political importance? Shame on America! Shall a British Parliment show more real regard for the interests of humanity, for the liberties of an injured people, than thy Legislators? When will the slave-holders of the south learn to regard either the claims of justice, or of humanity, or of religion? When will they break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free! If they will not hearken to the voice of reason, of justice, of religion, the day of vengeance will come, and the awful scenes of St. Domingo may be displayed in our southern States.—For verily there is a God in the Heavens, who regards the conduct of men, who hears the sighings of the oppressed, and who will plead their cause.

[*Eastern Repository.*]

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

I BELIEVE it will be difficult to ascertain the cause, and account for the corruption of taste, which could give rise to the present fashion amongst our *Belles*, of wearing the hair over the eyes. Some have been of opinion that this custom was adopted upon economical principles, to serve as a substitute for veils. However this may be, it is certainly a fashion imported from France, whose corrupt manners we are too fond of aping; and it is probable the practice was imitated from the most sluttish and worthless class of females, among whom *only* it formerly prevailed, and which among decent persons is truly ridiculous. This fashion was never found in any description or representation of beauty in any age of the world—the eye, the eye-brow, and the forehead have always been particularly admired and have called forth the genius of the Poet, the Painter, and the Statuary. When the eyes are concealed or obscured by this hairy *mask*, the finest dimples of the cheek have little more effect than those of a fat elbow; and the sweetest lips, with all their enchanting smiles and graces, lose nearly all the impression they ought to make. The whole countenance, and a union of features, are necessary to constitute beauty; and as the Sun gives light, action, and splendor to the face of the universe, so the eye renders visible the beauty, lustre and expression of the human countenance. Unless all correct ideas of elegance and propriety are absolutely eradicated, I have no doubt the female face will be but a short time in eclipse—the person will again assume its once elegant drapery; and instead of a rough mop, we shall have the flowing tresses and the graceful ringlets. W. R.

MORAL.

[COMMUNICATED.]

TO contemplate the hour of dissolution is the indispensable duty of transitory mortals. Did we know the moment of departure, repentance might, perhaps be procrastinated. But as the Deity has, for wise and benevolent purposes, shut futurity from our view; as the next moment may be the harbinger of death, the call for preparation is loud and imperious. Let me ask him, who has rioted in dissipation, who has drank the bowl of intemperance to the bottom, what must he think if he awoke from the sleep of intemperance at the eternal tribunal of offended and insulted Omnipotence! Life is held by so transitory a tenure; so many casualties way-lay and beset us at every step we advance, that not to prepare for that event, betrays a kind of morbid insensibility of heart, more fitting for a brute than a man. Well does inspiration ask the question, "Our fathers, where are they? We behold the mansion of our youth; the tree, where our infant sports endeared our existence; and where we once beheld the venerable form of a parent, smiling with tenderness on his children.—Look for him now—the "place, which once knew him, knows him no more;" and we can only find him covered with the clods of the valley. It is an undoubted fact, that death redoubles the value of the object by deprivation. Although the heart cannot tax itself with any criminal act, remembrance awakes a thousand instances of those petty transgressions, to which all human nature is liable, which give a poignancy to the sufferings of the mourner. However much we loved the object of our grief when alive, when dead we are persuaded we ought to have loved more. Whatever irritations existed are buried with the corps—whatever was noble or lovely in the character, survives a melancholy remembrance. Thus does the heart of affliction create new materials for misery;—and I will add, for the comfort of the mourner, that this very propensity is the sure mark of an amiable mind. When sickness wears away the constitution by the "cold gradations of decay," the surviving friends are, in a measure, prepared for the awful change that is soon to succeed. But where we behold the face at one moment flushed with health, and the next covered with the paleness of death, the change is so sudden and awful, that the heart sinks under the weight of its pressure. Let those, who have been thus afflicted, now pass in melancholy review a life without reproach towards man and towards GOD. Let memory supply what death has taken away; and by following the footsteps of the dear deceased, be prepared for a dissulution as sudden, and leave behind them a character equally revered.

Let us not, however, give ourselves up to melancholy forebodings and gloomy anticipations. We are under the protection of a Being whose "tender mercies are over all his works," and who will heal the wounds which his own hands have inflicted. To complain is puerile. We know the tenure by which life is holden; to despond is pusillanimous and unavailing: but to improve the afflictions of Providence, answers the designs of our Creator, and converts temporal misfortunes into the blessings, which "time can neither give nor take away."

AMUSING.

FOR THE HIVE.

"*We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.*"

IT may not be amiss, Friend Printer, to inform thee who it is that now is about addressing thee. In the first place thou must understand I am a plain sort of a person, not without some pretensions of being classed among a sect of people commonly stiled "*Sunday Quakers.*" It behoveth me usually to wear the plain garb, but as circumstances require, lay it off occasionally: by this ac-

comodating principle, I have acquired the appellation of a "*queer sort of a fellow*," so that when the spirit moveth me to go to church, or a friend desireth to see me down street, or, more to the point, if inclination moveth me to take a kiss or two from my little charmer, it is not unusual for me to overhear the epithets of "*sly rogue—misterious broad-brim*," &c. bestowed upon me. Now, Friend, thou well knowest, that singularity of manners never faileth of bringing down those commonplace sentiments of mankind, upon the heads of the offending party ;—without judge, jury or trial, the criminals are convicted, and sentenced in one breath—to prison they go, and here endeth the whole matter, just as the vision of a night, or as *madam* measureth poor Pompey's "knowledge box" with her shoe heel, there's no more of it—Alas! poor Pompey !—So much for the ladies weapon, and so much about myself.—Next, Friend, for the story my heart panteth to unfold unto thee.—Without further preface, thou must understand, that being fearful of proving an incumbrance to the chairs at home, I took my great coat, a few evenings since, and fortified myself so comfortably therein, 'till I verily believe I was rendered both wind and water proof—out I went and directed my steps down street. As I drew near Friend *Selfairs*, a loud sound of male and female voices saluted mine ear, among which I could plainly distinguish Sir *Longhead Blaball* and *Kitty Soupletongue* disputing whether Friar *Crookshank's* breeches were black or white; the latter protested "'pon her honor," that they were exactly like her dimity petticoat, and more than that, off the same piece too; while the former maintained (with a thundering voice) that the *Parson* having the fear of his congregation before his eyes, told him, "he had sent them to neighbor *Dipwells* in order to be transcribed for a second colouring," and therefore swore his (the Parson's) legs were black:—upon this sans ceremoie in I popped; being a sociable sort of a being, which to my sorrow was construed as a motion to postpone the important action of *Blaball* versus *Soupletongue*, thereby depriving thy friend of all further knowledge as it respecteth *Parson Crookshank* and his forked casings!—I had scarcely seated myself, when lo! clothed in vestments of the opening spring; tip'd by the lavish hand of fashion, in came Lady *Primrose* (drooping her beautiful head because of the chilling blast of winter) with little *Bobby Fantail* smack at her heels.—Halloo, Girls! how the De—l are you? out brayed the hero, as he swaggered to the upper end of the room where Miss *Snapper* sat, and down he plump'd beside her.—I wish ye joy thought I, "O matchless pair!" Between thee and me this little son of Bacchus, appeared as if his mouth had came in contact with a brandy bottle and handled its contents rather roughly; but thou well knowest it to be inconsistant with fashion now-a-days, to be qualified for a beau of the *Blood royal*, as the saying is, without a knowledge of swigging in general, even as pat as to settle accounts before a restless night, or pay the balance in the morning——Now all of a sudden a death-like silence prevailed over the whole room; being a person wholly ignorant of the bon ton *attiquette* of the day, this throwed no embarrassment upon me, but I was exceedingly surprised at so great a novelty, especially on taking a survey of the contents of the house, I found each one gifted with a sufficient quantity of mouth to gabble at the rate of little less than ten knots an hour. —At length *Susan Slimtoe* slipt her cable and put to sea with a violent gale of sweeping praises bestowed upon the exquisite pleasure enjoyed at the last ball! Whereupon Friend *Blaball*, wearied with repeated efforts to extricate a piece of nut-shell from between his teeth, (for he had not been bashful when they were handed about) came bouncing up and taxed poor *Susan* for withholding her hand from him at Friend C——on's last hop! "La! Mr. *Longhead*," replied *Susan*, "you really dance too *fine* for me—indeed to tell you the truth, I don't like to be stared at so much when I dance with any body, indeed I don't."—The gentleman was perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and strutted up the room, adjusting his cravat, like a true son of glory after he hath conquered his enemy—Alas! poor *Blaball*.—The scene which a few moments ago presented a silence like unto the halls of death, now experienced a material change, there was nothing but buz—buz—buz—from one end of the room to the other. At this moment a loud noise attracted my attention at the farthermost end of the room, when, upon turning round, *Harry Shakspeare, jun.* was delivered, not without considerable difficulty, with an outstretch'd arm, of

"My honor's, my life, both grow in one;
"Take honor from me and my life is done."

'Twould have been a delicious repast for Hogarth, to have seen, this noble knight of the garter! (no allusion by the bye to the ladies' garters) this soaring offspring of tragic excellence, spout forth this inimitable quotation from the pen of his renouned forefather! Upon inquiry I understood, that this gunpowder hero had been disputing with Doctor *Casteroil*, about the affiair of honor that was near taking place between *Sawny Sheepface* the quilboy and himself, by moonlight, across a heap of oyster-shells. The Doctor contended, that the fracas which took place in the gambling room, ought to have been hushed up, and moreover, it was truely dangerous to attempt extracting a bullet at this inclement season.—"No matter," replied *Harry*, "as to the weather, fair or foul—hair trigger!—that's your sort, d——m me"—Alas! mighty Shakspear—fighting Shakspear—courageous Shakspear—thought I, (for it would have puzzled Jupiter to put in a word edgeways) the weather bloweth cold, take a friend's advice, keep snug at thy daddy's fireside, and when thou ventureth to poke thy head out of doors, let it only be to take a draught of fresh air, or ask neighbor *Strongfate* if the ointment causeth his whiskers to sprout.—Here *Betsy Mindful* roused the company with "La! *Sally Titter*, I declare it's almost nine o'clock!—I really think Mamma's patience is almost exhausted—I've staid so long—I must go—I must go—tell me *Sally* how shall I get through the snow—I am afraid I'll be swamped."—not at all—not at all, Miss *Betsy*—I'll shoulder you through the snow, cried *Jasper Handy*—thank you Sir, you'r kindly officious, replied *Betsy*, and away they skipped in the twinkling of an eye.—During the bustle thy friend slipped out (not being used to squeeze ladies arms, he declined gallanting any) and straight way bent his course homewards, not unlike a person freed from his load of chains.—When I reached home I crept to bed and sunk full wearied in the arms of sleep—the whole night I dreamt of nothing else but Lancasterian manners! Lancasterian manners!—Here endeth the chapter—what escaped my observation I leave thee to guess, and I remain thine, JACOB HARMLESS.

COMMUNICATION.

A beautiful girl on a late sleighing party, was requested to put on a *fox tippet*, the night being extremely cold; the gentleman who proposed it, thought he shewed something of good-breeding,—however, she refused, and replied with the greatest *sans-froid* —"if I use so much *Fox*, about my person I shall soon have all the *Hounds* after me.

Lancaster, *January* 30, 1805.

MARRIED, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, T. BARTON ZANTZINGER, Esq. to Miss SHEAFF, daughter of the late Mr. William Sheaff; all of the city of Philadelphia.

DIED, in this borough, on Monday morning last, in the 60th year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she endured with christian patience, Mrs. CATHARINE MARTIN, relict of the late STEPHEN MARTIN. Mrs. Martin lived in the constant exercise of all the social and christian virtues, which endeared her to all those who knew her worth.

——, on Sunday last, ELIZA FOLTZ, aged 1 year 2 months & 18 days, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Foltz, of this borough.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE HERD BOY.

THE day was sinking fast to rest,
The rain had ceas'd to pour,
The low'ring clouds forsook the west,
The billows hush'd their roar.

A cooling zephyr play'd across;
Which curl'd the placid wave,
Or lent it's feeble aid to toss
The sweets that nature gave.

Cynthia shed her silver ray,
And cap'd the waving wood;
A neighb'ring Herd Boy tun'd his lay,
As on the shore he stood.

'Twas on a lovely eve in May,
When nature's clad in smiles;
And linnet's hop from spray to spray
Among the thicket wilds.

A group of lads and lasses gay,
From labour's shackles free,
Agreed to close the merry day
With mirth and social glee.

Beneath yon oak, all on the grass;
Where sorrow durst not glance,
Each lad chose out his fav'rite lass;
Up struck the rural dance.

"Ill fated Radner—cruel maid!
Here first thy lips I press'd,
As nest'ling cupids round them play'd;
My love I first confess'd.

"No more light hearted o'er the lea
I drive my daily care;
The day drags heavy 'till from thee
The envi'd kiss I share.

"Yet still with rapture and delight,
I'll bless that fleeting hour,
When first sweet Nancy charm'd my sight;
And I became her lover." ALONZO.

VARIETY.

EXTRACT.

IN Mrs. Murray's Guide to the beauties of the Western Highlands of Scotland, many curious anecdotes are interspersed, and traditionary tales, related in a sprightly manner, one of which we transcribe:—

Every length of the boat brought us something new to admire; but when I came to the point called Beman Gore (Peak of Godfrey) I was lost in admiration. The height of the peak, and the formation of the rocks from the top to the bottom, many of them conlumnar, amazed and delighted me. The seamen lay on their oars while I gazed; and they were almost as much astonished at my raptures, as I was at the appearance of Beman Gore. What a leap, thought I was that of Godfrey! In ages past the M'Leans of Loch Buq were absolute monarchs of the south side of Mull, and in those days hunting deer was their amusement and support. Loch Buq commanded a great chace and gave strict charge to an attendant named Gore, (Godfrey) not to suffer a stag to escape through a certain pass, and at the same time declared, if such a thing happened, Gore should forfeit his life. Gore took his station, but notwithstanding all his caution, some deer forced the pass, and made their escape. Gore did not lose his life, but he was ignominiously chastised in the presence of the chieftain and his assembled clan, on the summit of the peak. The proud Highland blood of Gore boiled at the indignity he had sustained in the sight of his chief and clan. Death in his opinion would have been honorable, but the sting of disgrace was more than he could bear. Young and old were assembled to see the chase, and poor Gore's shameful chastisement.—Amongst the rest was a nurse, with the infant son of the chief in her arms.—Gore watches his opportunity, snatched Loch Buq's child from the arms of his nurse and with him in his hands leaped among the rocks of the peak on a shelf far below the astonished spectators.—Gore came safely upon his feet, with the babe in his hand, and there held his victim in triumph. Reward and honors were offered, tears and intreaties were poured forth by the distracted parents to Gore to save and restore their only son. At length he seemed to relent, and declared if Loch Buq was brought within his sight and chastised in the same ignominious manner he had been, he should be satisfied. The parent, for the sake of his child, readily submitted to be treated precisely as Gore had been, and then required the restoration of his son; Gore with a smile of triumph and contempt, raised the child in his hand at arms length in the air, and with a shout threw himself over the peak. Both Gore and the child were dashed in pieces long before they reached the sea. Such deeds wear the resemblance of fable; but those who are well acquainted with the life and manners of remote Highlanders before the year 1745, will not think them wholly incredible.

THE CAT-O-MOUNT.

THAT ferocious and dangerous animal, commonly denominated the *Cat-o-mount*, is supposed now to exist in an extensive wood near the town of Boxford. The inhabitants of that town have frequently, in the late season, lost their sheep, without being able to account for it; and several persons had reported that they had seen in these woods some animal of an uncommon and terrifying appearance, but without exciting much attention. Some time last month, however, a young man having occasion to go through some part of the wood, he took with him his gun, merely charged for a squirrel, in case he should chance to see one. As he was passing on, his dog, perceiving a squirrel at a little distance, began to bark; but as the young man was going to the place to shoot him, he perceived a large, long bodied, fierce looking animal, apparently of the cat kind, making towards him. He turned and ran, and, winged with terror, sprang upon the trunk of a fallen tree, which lay in a slanting position, lodged upon another, and which he could scarcely have ascended in any other circumstance. He had got to about sixteen feet from the ground, when, casting his eye down, he beheld his enemy just on the point of making a leap at him, which caused him immediately to jump to the ground, so that each gained the other's place at the same instant: the young man then suddenly presented his gun at the face of the creature, and fired his small charge, but could not determine whether it injured him; but he immediately sprang from the tree again, seized upon the gun, and with his enormous claws scratced and tore the stock. It was fortunate for the young man, that he took the gun for the object of his vengeance; it undoubtedly saved his life; he wrested it from him, turned and ran, and the creature, who at one bound might have fastened his claws into his prey, did not pursue him: this is attributed to his missing him at his first spring, which is said to have the effect in some measure to disconcert and discourage them. The inhabitants intended to scour the woods, and destroy the creatures, whenever there should be snow to enable them to track their foot-steps.

Since preparing the above, we understand there have been two killed near Andover.

Suicide.—On the evening of the 7th ult. James Townsend. Esq. of St. Mary's (Geo.) put a period to his existence. The following lines were left by him on his desk, which may account for the perpetration of the melancholy act. "This night is my fatal time!—By my imprudence, I have lost my good fame and reputation; my *life* shall be the forfiet.—All young men beware how you indulge the ideas I did;—and if I have any friends—let them say—*Alas! poor Townsend!*"

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Norfolk (Virg.) to his friend in Petersburgh, dated Dec. 19, 1804.

"An accident, perhaps of the most singular nature that ever occured, took place last evening at a ball, where I was, with a number of young gentlemen.—Mr. Cavan, a particular acquaintance of mine, in the very act of dancing a reel, fell dead! Not one minute before, he was in as high spirits as I ever saw him. It may be ascribed to a sudden fit, and in the fall, I presume (which was very severe) either stopt his breath, or fractured his scull. He went off without a struggle. He was a young man of an amiable disposition, and his death is universally regretted among us."

Printed by M'Dowell & Greear.